

DOCTOR • WHO

EVERY DOG HAS ITS DAY

PART ONE

Tom Blakeney's doing what he loves best - playing with his dog, **Sammy**. They're **inseparable** - Tom's had the little cairn terrier since he was a pup, and both of them like nothing more than going to the park.

Here, boy! C'mon - keep up! You're getting *too old* for this, slow coach!

Woof!

But today might be the *last* time either of them do anything - *at all*.

Script TREVOR BAXENDALE
Art JOHN ROSS
Colours ALAN CRADDOCK
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Oi! Come out of there... we'll *never* get home if you keep stopping to *sniff* around under every bush you find.

What is it, boy? What have you found?

SNEE!
SNEE!

What's this then? It's just an *old stone*!

Wuff!

Funny sorta *stone*, though... why's it got a *hole* in the middle?

Yee-ikes!



Let it go!

SMACK!

Hey!



That's *mine*
- I found it!

It isn't *yours* at all. Who are you, anyway? I'm the *Doctor*. Hi.



Tom Blakeney.

Vreeeeep!

Congratulations, Tom. You've found a *silicoid space-folder* from the planet *Omikros*.

Although what it's doing *here*, one and a half million light years away, I've *no idea...*



Hello, there! I suppose you found this, didn't you? It's got a really alien *smell*, hasn't it?

Woof!
Woof!



What did you say it was?

It's *alien technology*, Tom. It's made from *stone* all right, but where this comes from stone is used like metal and plastic is on Earth. This is actually *one half* of a key which can *fold space* like a piece of paper.

It acts as a kind of *bridge* - a direct link between two *different* parts of the galaxy. It's incredibly *dangerous*, too.



Question is - where's the *other half*? These things are useless on their own...

Vrrp!
Vrrp!
Vrrp!

Hang on - Sammy's found something...



Wuff!

Uh-oh. If that's what I *think* it is...

Suddenly...

Too late!

KZZZZAAHHHHH!

Sammy!

Yelp!



The transition is *complete*! I leave a distant world - and step straight on to this one!

Wha - What's happened to Sammy?

That's *not* your dog, Tom. That's an *alien being* using the nearest living creature.

I am *Ramadra* - from the *Omikron Invasion Force*!

Bow down before me and *surrender* this miserable world *immediately*!



Do you mind if we think about it *first*? Surrendering the whole planet is a *big decision* to make.

Let me past! What's he done with *Sammy*?



Give me that silicoid ring!

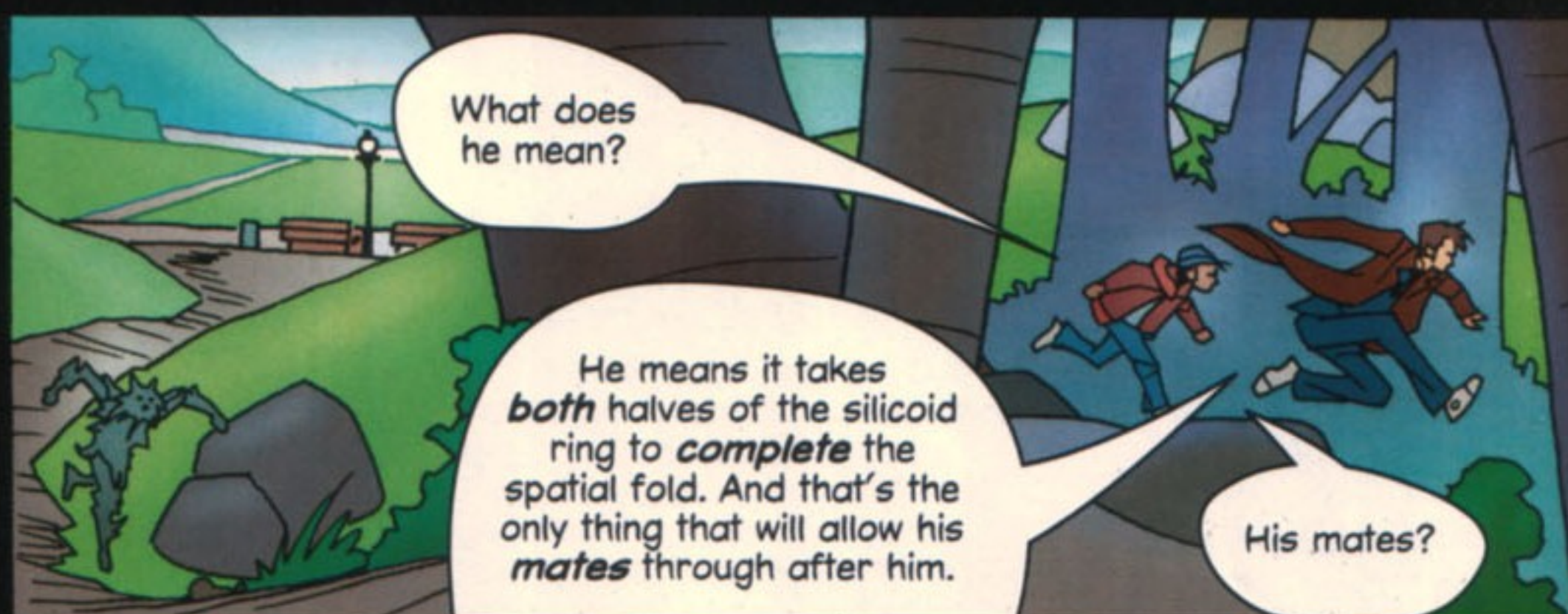
Sorry - *finders keepers*!

Let me at 'im!



Sorry - this is the bit where we *run for our lives*!

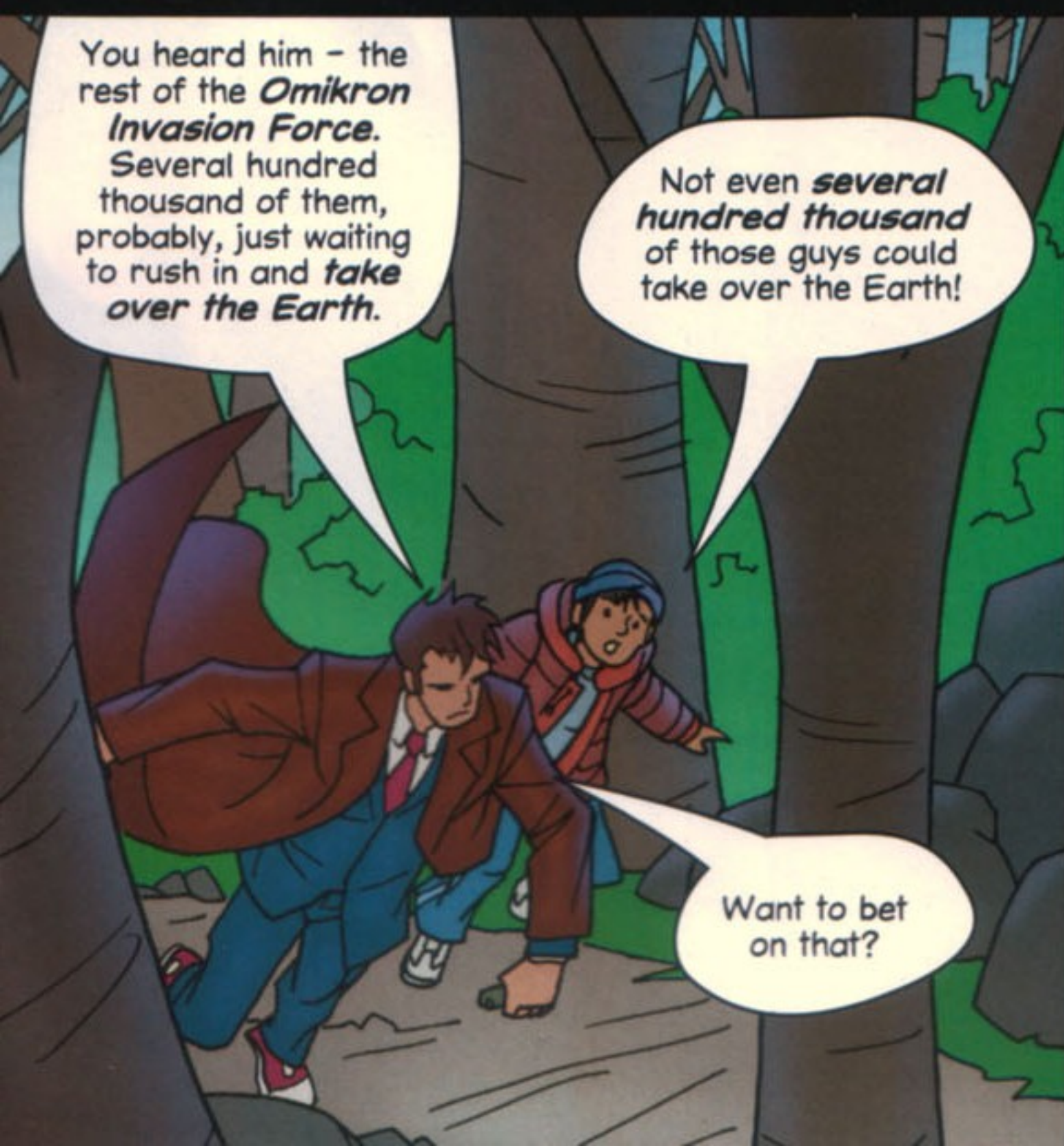
Gah! Give me the *ring*! I need it to complete the spatial fold!



What does he mean?

He means it takes *both* halves of the silicoid ring to *complete* the spatial fold. And that's the only thing that will allow his *mates* through after him.

His mates?



You heard him - the rest of the *Omikron Invasion Force*. Several hundred thousand of them, probably, just waiting to rush in and *take over the Earth*.

Not even *several hundred thousand* of those guys could take over the Earth!

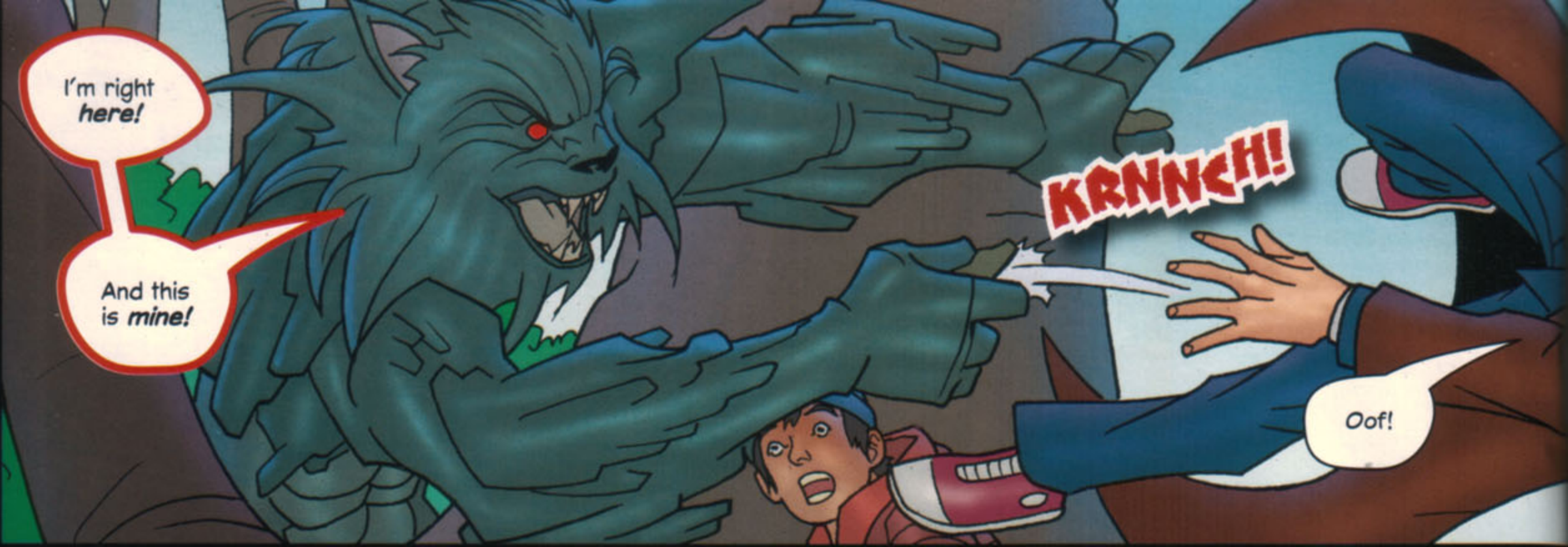
Want to bet on that?



The Omikron are *past masters* at taking over worlds like this. They could finish off the Earth in an *afternoon* if we let them.

Then we mustn't let them!

That's the *right answer*, Tom. Problem is, our friend Ramadra can move pretty *fast* for a big lump of rock. I can't see him *anywhere*...



I'm right here!

And this is mine!

KRNNCH!

Oof!



Doctor! Are you all right?

No! He's got the rings! He *mustn't* join them -



- together!

SKSSSSHHHHHHH!



The space fold *opens!*
Come, my warriors!
March forwards to your *destiny!* Claim the planet Earth!

We're *too late!* They're coming through!

INVADE!
DESTROY!
CONQUER!

EEEEEEEEOOOOOOOWWWWWW!

CAN THE DOCTOR STOP THE INVASION? FIND OUT NEXT WEEK!